

8-19-1911

# Letter from Louise Imogen Guiney, Oxford, to Anne Whitney, Shelburne, New Hampshire, 1911 August 19

Louise Imogen Guiney

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## Recommended Citation

Guiney, Louise Imogen and Wellesley College Archives, "Letter from Louise Imogen Guiney, Oxford, to Anne Whitney, Shelburne, New Hampshire, 1911 August 19" (1911). *Papers of Anne Whitney (MSS.4): Correspondence*. 809.  
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home, but almost unprecedented here, dogged us, and blunted the edge of all enjoyment, but the nights were mercifully cool. Everything is burnt up, as there has been but one brief rain since the middle of June. Imagine that, in a land where the rain 'it raineth every day! My jobs have been light skirmishing ones, revising and enlarging other people's scribbles &c. It shall be dear old H.V. again when the chance comes. I had worked hard to be settled under some humble roof-tree of our own ere now, but I missed it. The ideal house involved one sharing it, later, with some p. g. ('paying guest') of a

Very dearest of Anne Whitney's  
past, present, or to come:

Being obsessed with a periodical desire to write to you, so do I, albeit without rhyme or reason save to say I love you yet. And I have long owed you <sup>for a</sup> ~~for a~~ <sup>delectable</sup> script, whereby I gather that Mrs. Dargan has found rest and pleasure in two restful and pleasant places, both known to me. I wonder if she has yet gone home? She strikes (perfectly iniquitous and inexcusable for once, and probably due to the fact that the prolonged unique heat has gone to the



leaders' brains) are now holding at bay many and many an American pilgrim unable to sail on the Liverpool liners. A schoolmate of mine, now a widow, is coming over next week with her four children, and wants a furnished house for a year, which I mean to find for her. The girl cousin, Grace Quiney, continues very companionable indeed. We have just put in the Oxford Times an advertisement for secretarial work; she will have to do this sort of thing <sup>for others</sup> beginning next month, if she stays on (as I hope she will) with me. A great friend of hers is the

clever and loyal little Dr. Alice Jackman of Newton Centre, who took such good care of me when I was ill there, and Dr. Jackman has lately told me that Grace, even now at nineteen, and with her seeming abounding vitality, has a strong tubercular tendency, and ought to 'sleep out'. This makes one anxious. As a matter of fact, we have both been 'sleeping out' for sixteen nights! I send you a little sketch of a quite unique holiday, written by Mrs. Curran, the organizer of it. It was all hard work, I assure you, but great fun too. Health, such as is common at

Miss Rittenhouse, the literary critic, is in Oxford today, and sends me word that she will call. I remember her as a very nice person. Fare you well. Be sure I think of you very often indeed, and not seldom wish you were here in this peaceful, soporific realm with me.

Ever affectionately yours

L. D. G.

Aug. 19, 1911.

117 Woodstock Rd, Oxford.

stranger, and my gorge rose at that before arrangements were made; so we are afloat again, and free to search between this and Christmas. The Pembroke Street lodgings weren't comfortable: hence the new address you will notice on the next sheet.

A small, able, <sup>new</sup> thrilling book has just come under my hand: Irish Nationality, by Mrs. J. R. Green, (Alice Stopford Green, widow of the historian not better equipped than she). Do get it; it just throbs and flows. It is in The Home University Library, published by Holt, N. Y., and costs about a quarter!



117 Woodstock Road

Oxford.

Irish Hospitality  
by Mrs. J. R. Green  
Home  
by Holt  
Miss Whitney,

Shelburne, New Hampshire,  
U. S. A.



